

AGE OF RETARDS

The De-evolution Manifesto

By Leo Falcon

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

It is of my complaint that I write this book, for I've realized at the ripe age of thirteen years that humanity has become nothing but a clump of retarded cells. We are the first species in history to document our own decline in 4K resolution. This is not a book about fixing the world; it is a diagnostic report on a terminal patient.

CHAPTER ONE: THE GREAT LEAP BACKWARD

It is with a profound sense of exhaustion that I sit down to write this. I'm thirteen years old. By all historical accounts, I should be worried about algebra or whether a girl in third period thinks my shoes are cool. Instead, I've spent the last few years watching the "most advanced species on Earth" turn into a screaming, incoherent clump of redundant cells.

Evolution is supposed to be a ladder. We were moving up, right? Fire, the wheel, the printing press, the moon landing. But somewhere around the turn of the millennium, humanity looked at the top of that ladder, got dizzy, and decided to jump off head-first. Welcome to the de-evolution.

We used to have survival instincts. Now, we have ideologies. We've traded our frontal lobes for political jerseys. On one side, you've got the MAGA crowd of grown adults dressing up like they're at a monster truck rally for a billionaire, treating a political party like a cult of personality that promises to bring back a "greatness" that they can't even define. It's a nostalgic fever dream fueled by red hats and slogans that fit on a bumper sticker because their brains can't process a paragraph.

On the flip side, you have the hyper-fixation of the LGBTQ+ alphabet soup; a world where the objective reality of biology is treated like a suggestion, and where "identity" has become a competitive sport. We've reached a point where people are so desperate to be special that they've deconstructed the very idea of being human into a thousand different labels, demanding the world bow down to their specific brand of make-believe.

Politics was supposed to be the tool we used to manage society. Instead, politics became the virus that ate society. We aren't "Progressive" and we aren't "Conservative." We're just loud. We're just stupid. We've built a world where you aren't allowed to be an individual; you have to be a pawn in someone else's culture war. We have all the information in human history at our fingertips, and we use it to argue with strangers about bathrooms and flags.

Darwin didn't see this coming. He thought the weak would be filtered out. He didn't realize that in the 21st century, we'd find a way to make weakness a virtue and stupidity a requirement for entry.

CHAPTER TWO: THE DIGITAL LOBOTOMY

(The Screens That Swallowed the Soul)

We used to worry about "Big Brother" watching us from a giant screen on the wall. We were idiots even then we didn't realize we'd eventually pay \$1,000 a year to carry Big Brother in our pockets, voluntarily feeding him our location, our heart rate, and our every passing thought.

The human brain took millions of years to develop the capacity for deep thought, logic, and complex problem-solving. It took about fifteen years of Silicon Valley algorithms to undo all of it. We have effectively outsourced our consciousness. We don't remember facts anymore because we have Google; we don't develop a sense of direction because we have GPS; and we don't develop personalities because we have "curated feeds."

The algorithm is the new God. It doesn't want you to be smart; it wants you to be engaged. And do you know what's most engaging to a clump of cells? Fear and Rage. We are being dopamine-looped into a state of permanent infancy. Watch a thirty-second clip of someone dancing, swipe. Watch a clip of a car crash, swipe. Watch a clip of a politician saying something stupid, swipe. Our attention spans have been shredded into confetti. We are becoming a species that can't sit in a room for five minutes without twitching for a fix of blue light. We are the first generation to witness the literal shrinking of the human attention span to be shorter than that of a goldfish. We aren't using the tools anymore; the tools are using us to mine data until there's nothing left but a hollowed-out shell of a person who knows everything about a celebrity's breakup and nothing about how to survive a week without Wi-Fi.

CHAPTER THREE: THE BIOLOGY OF MAKE-BELIEVE

(The Death of the Objective Lens)

The most dangerous thing you can do to a civilization is remove its floor. For thousands of years, humanity lived with a "floor" called Reality. It was made of hard stuff: gravity, the need for oxygen, the scarcity of food, and the binary nature of biological reproduction. You didn't have to like the floor, but you had to stand on it. If you tried to walk through a wall because you "identified" as a ghost, the wall would quickly remind you that your opinion was irrelevant.

But we have entered the age of the padded cell. We have become so technologically insulated from the consequences of nature that we've started to believe that nature itself is optional. We've replaced the floor of reality with a trampoline of "feelings," and everyone is bouncing around in a state of terminal confusion.

This brings us to the hyper-fixation of the modern "Alphabet Soup"; the LGBTQ+ movement's transformation from a civil rights cause into a full-blown metaphysical religion. When I look at the world through my thirteen-year-old eyes, I see a species that has run out of real problems, so it has decided to invent new ones by deconstructing the most basic facts of its own existence. It started with a fair premise: be kind to people, let them live how they want. Nobody with a brain cell disagrees with that. But it didn't stop there. It mutated.

Now, we are told that biology is a "social construct." We are told that the very hardware of our species; the X and Y chromosomes that have dictated the survival of every mammal since the dawn of time; is just a "suggestion" or, worse, a tool of oppression. We've reached a point of collective psychosis where stating that "men and women are different" is treated like a secular blasphemy.

Think about the sheer, unadulterated idiocy required to reach this point. We have scientists; people with PhDs, people who should be the gatekeepers of the "wise" part of Homo sapiens; standing in front of cameras and refusing to define what a woman is. Why? Because they are terrified. Not of the truth, but of the mob. We have traded the scientific method for social credit scores. We are watching the institutionalization of delusion.

When you tell a child that their gender is a "spectrum" based on their mood, you aren't "liberating" them. You are untethering them from reality. You are handing them a compass that spins in circles and telling them to find their way home. It's a competitive sport of victimhood. The more labels you can attach to yourself; the more "intersections" of identity you can claim; the more social power you hold in the digital town square. We've created a hierarchy where the "most unique" person wins, which naturally leads to people inventing increasingly absurd identities just to stay relevant.

It's a race to the bottom of the rabbit hole. We see "neopronouns" that sound like scrambled Scrabble tiles and "identities" that have more to do with aesthetic subcultures than actual human experience. And the world is expected to clap. Not just clap, but participate. You are required to use the vocabulary of the delusion, or you are cast out as a heretic. This is politics pretending to be progress, but it's actually just a clump of cells trying to feel special in a universe that doesn't care about their "self-expression."

What happens to a species that forgets what it is? History has the answer, but nobody reads history anymore because it's "problematic." When a society stops focusing on external reality; how to build better engines, how to cure diseases, how to colonize the stars; and starts obsessing over its own internal "vibes," it is in its death throes. We are navel-gazing while the ship is sinking.

The irony is that the same people who claim to be "pro-science" when it comes to climate change are the first ones to deny science when it comes to the delivery room. It's selective intelligence. It's the highest form of stupidity: knowing the truth but choosing the lie because the lie makes you feel like a "good person."

We've deconstructed the individual until there's nothing left but a series of checkboxes. You aren't a person with a soul and a mind; you are a collection of "privileges" or "oppressions" based on who you sleep with or what you feel like. We've managed to turn the most intimate parts of human existence into a political battleground, and in doing so, we've made ourselves smaller, dumber, and infinitely more annoying.

If this is the "enlightened" future, I'd rather go back to the mud. At least in the mud, you knew what was a rock and what was a hard place. Now, we're just a clump of cells floating in a void of our own making, arguing about the labels on our cages while the door is wide open.

CHAPTER FOUR: THE RED-HATTED LOBOTOMY

(The Cult of the Strongman and the Death of Dignity)

If Chapter Three was about the left-wing obsession with dissolving reality into a puddle of feelings, Chapter Four is about the right-wing obsession with freezing reality into a carbon-copied past that never actually existed. It is the story of the "MAGA" phenomenon; a psychological case study in how to take millions of supposedly "rugged individuals" and turn them into a singular, chanting, red-hatted hive mind.

It is the ultimate irony: the people who scream the loudest about "freedom" are the ones most desperate to be told what to do by a billionaire who wouldn't let them step foot on his golf course if they weren't paying for the privilege.

The Great American Facepalm

The rise of the MAGA ideology wasn't a political shift; it was a surrender. It was the moment a massive chunk of the population decided that critical thinking was too hard and that they'd rather just have a mascot. This isn't about conservatism; real conservatism involves things like fiscal responsibility, small government, and a certain level of stoic dignity. This? This is a monster truck rally that never ends.

When you look at a MAGA rally from the outside; from the perspective of a thirteen-year-old who still has a functioning prefrontal cortex; it looks like a fever dream. You have grown men and women, people who probably tell their kids to "work hard" and "don't be a bully," dressing up in head-to-toe merchandise like they're at a Taylor Swift concert, but for a politician. They carry flags with his face photoshopped onto Rambo's body. They treat a man who has never spent a night under a leaking roof as a "man of the people." It's the "Age of Retards" in its purest, most loud-mouthed form.

The stupidity here is multifaceted. First, there is the "Nostalgia Trap." The slogan "Make America Great Again" is the perfect bait for a clump of cells that can't handle the complexity of the modern world. It suggests there was a magical time; usually the 1950s; where everything was simple and everyone was happy. They ignore the fact that in the "great" era they crave, the air was brown, medicine was primitive, and half the population didn't have basic rights. They don't want a better future; they want a time machine. And because they can't have a time machine, they settle for a man who promises to yell at the people they don't like.

The Spite-Driven Engine

At its core, this isn't a movement built on "making" anything; it's a movement built on "owning." The fuel for the MAGA engine isn't policy; it's spite. These are people who would gladly let a politician light their own backyard on fire if they thought the smoke would blow into their "liberal" neighbor's window. They have replaced "The Common Good" with "Winning," but they don't even know what the prize is.

They claim to be "Patriots," but they've confused patriotism with worship. Patriotism is loving your country enough to hold it to a high standard; worship is thinking your country is a team and your leader is the quarterback who can do no wrong. If the "Leader" lies, the followers call it "strategy." If the "Leader" fails, the followers call it "sabotage." It is a closed loop of stupidity that no amount of logic can penetrate. You can show them a video of the man saying one thing and then show them a video of him saying the exact opposite five minutes later, and they will tell you it's "4D Chess." No, it's not chess. It's a guy who knows that his audience has the memory of a fruit fly.

The Death of the Individual

What's most depressing about the MAGA movement is how it has erased the personality of the people within it. You can walk into a diner in rural America and meet a guy who used to have hobbies; maybe he liked fishing, or woodworking, or fixing old cars. Now? His entire personality is "The Hat." He talks in slogans. He gets his opinions downloaded every morning from a 24-hour news cycle that specializes in keeping him terrified of people he's never met.

He's terrified of the "Alphabet Soup" from Chapter Three, terrified of "The Border," terrified of "The Elites"; all while being led by a guy who is the literal definition of a coastal elite. It's a masterclass in psychological projection. They scream about "Sheep" while wearing the same outfit, chanting the same three-word phrases, and clicking the same "Donate" buttons to pay for a billionaire's legal fees.

We've reached a point where politics is no longer a part of life; it has consumed life. It is the birth of the "Political Zombie." These are people who cannot have a conversation about the weather without turning it into an argument about a conspiracy theory. They have traded their frontal lobes for a "Trump 2024" bumper sticker.

The Result: A Nation of Arguing Toddlers

When you put the "Ideology of Identity" from the Left and the "Cult of the Strongman" from the Right in the same room, what do you get? You get a dumpster fire. You get a species that is so busy fighting over bathrooms and flags that it has completely stopped noticing that the roof is caving in.

The MAGA crowd thinks they are the "Last Line of Defense" against the "Alphabet People," and the Alphabet People think they are the "Moral Vanguard" against the "Fascists." In reality, they are both just two sides of the same moronic coin. They both demand total conformity. They both hate nuance. They both want to use the power of the government to force everyone else to live exactly like they do.

As a thirteen-year-old, looking at these "adults" is like watching a playground fight that has lasted for eight years and involves nuclear weapons. There is no wisdom here. There is no leadership. There is only a screaming, incoherent clump of redundant cells, wearing red hats or rainbow capes, sprinting toward a cliff while arguing about who gets to drive the bus.

We aren't "De-evolving" back into apes; apes are smarter than this. Apes don't worship a leader who steals their bananas and tells them it's raining. No, we are evolving into something much worse: a species that is smart enough to build the internet, but too stupid to survive it. We are the "Age of Retards," and the red hat is just the crown we've chosen for our king of the trash heap.

CHAPTER FIVE: THE BABYSITTING MILL

(How the Education System Sterilizes the Human Mind)

If you want to understand why the world is populated by the "clumps of cells" I've described in the previous chapters, you have to look at the factory where they are manufactured. We call it "School," but that's a marketing lie. A school is supposed to be a place of inquiry, a gymnasium for the mind, a forge where raw curiosity is hammered into sharp, analytical steel. Instead, what we have is a twelve-to-sixteen-year holding cell designed to crush the individual until they are soft enough to fit into a cubicle.

I'm thirteen. I'm currently sitting in the middle of this assembly line, and I can tell you from the inside: the "Age of Retards" isn't an accident. It's an academic achievement.

The Death of Inquiry

The modern education system was designed during the Industrial Revolution to create obedient factory workers. It hasn't changed. We are still sorted by "manufacture date" (age) and moved through the system by the ringing of a bell, just like cattle or assembly-line robots. We aren't taught how to think; we are taught what to regurgitate.

In a world where all the information in human history is available in my pocket, the school system still insists that I spend hours memorizing dates and formulas that I can look up in three seconds. They aren't testing my intelligence; they are testing my ability to be bored and still comply. They are training me to accept the "Official Narrative" without question. If you ask "Why?" in a modern classroom, you aren't seen as a budding philosopher; you're seen as a disruption to the schedule.

The Safety-Wrapped Brain

But it's gotten worse than just boredom. Education has become "Safe." We've entered the era of the "Trigger Warning" and the "Safe Space." We are teaching a generation that their feelings are the most fragile things in the universe and that any idea that challenges their worldview is a literal assault.

How can you have an "Age of Wisdom" when you aren't allowed to be uncomfortable? Growth requires friction. To learn something new, you have to realize that you were previously wrong; and being wrong hurts the ego. But the modern school system has decided that hurting a student's ego is the ultimate sin. We've traded "Excellence" for "Equity," which in practice means we lower the bar until even the most brain-dead clump of cells can trip over it and get a gold star. We are graduating people who have never been told "No," never been told they are wrong, and never been forced to defend their ideas against a superior argument. Then we act surprised when they go out into the real world and have a nervous breakdown because someone used the wrong pronoun or wore the wrong hat.

The Political Indoctrination Camp

The most sinister part of the "Babysitting Mill" is that it has become the primary breeding ground for the ideologies I tore apart in Chapters Three and Four. Teachers aren't educators anymore; they're activists with a captive audience.

Depending on where your school is located, you're either being fed the "Alphabet Soup" as if it's the new Gospel, or you're being taught a sanitized, flag-waving version of history that ignores reality. The classroom is no longer a neutral zone. It's a recruitment center. We are being taught to see the world through the lens of "Oppressor vs. Oppressed" before we even know how to do long division. We are being trained to be soldiers in a culture war we didn't start and don't understand.

They don't teach us how to balance a checkbook, how the legal system actually works, or how to spot a logical fallacy in a political speech. Why? Because a population that understands logic is a population that is hard to control. They want us smart enough to run the machines and file the paperwork, but too stupid to realize that the people in charge are idiots.

The Meritocracy of the Mediocre

We have created a system where "effort" is more important than "result." We reward the kid who tries hard but fails, and we punish the kid who is bored because the material is too easy. We are flattening the human experience into a grey puddle of mediocrity.

By the time a student reaches my age, the light in their eyes is usually gone. They've learned the Great Lesson of the Education System: Don't stand out, don't question the teacher, and just get the grade. We are producing a literal army of "retarded cells" who are perfectly prepared for a world of bureaucracy, social media echo chambers, and mindless consumption.

We aren't "building the future." We are managing the decline. Every time a bell rings in a hallway, another potential genius is silenced in favor of a compliant drone. We are paying billions of dollars to ensure that the next generation is just as vapid, just as fragile, and just as easily manipulated as the one that came before it.

The "Age of Retards" isn't coming. It's already here, and it's sitting in the front row, raising its hand to ask if the next test is multiple-choice.

CHAPTER SIX: THE DESERT OF THE DERANGED

(The Holy War of the Braindead)

If humanity is a "clump of cells," then the Middle East is the place where those cells have decided to become an autoimmune disease; attacking themselves until there's nothing left but bone. If you ever needed proof that human intelligence is a fluke, look at the Levant. We are talking about a strip of land roughly the size of a generic U.S. state, and yet, for thousands of years, the "most advanced species" on Earth has treated it like the center of the universe. It is the ultimate stage for the world's longest, bloodiest, and most retarded game of "King of the Hill."

On one side, you have the Zionists; on the other, the Palestinians. To hear them tell it, they are engaged in a cosmic struggle of good versus evil, light versus dark, and ancient right versus historical wrong. To a thirteen-year-old looking at it from 2026, it looks like two groups of toddlers fighting over a sandbox while the sun is about to go supernova.

The Ancestry Trap

The Jews claim the land because a book written three thousand years ago says a deity; who apparently had nothing better to do than act as a real estate agent; gave it to them. The Palestinians claim the land because their great-great-grandfathers sat under a specific olive tree and they have a rusty key to a house that hasn't existed since the Truman administration.

Both sides are obsessed with "ancestry." Both sides are obsessed with "who was here first." Here is the reality check: Nobody cares. In the "Age of Retards," we've replaced the ability to build a future with the obsession of litigating the past. You have people living in high-tech cities like Tel Aviv, surrounded by the best technology humanity has ever produced, still basing their national identity on tribal bloodlines. You have people in Gaza, living in what is essentially an open-air rubble pile, being told by their "leaders" (who are usually living in luxury hotels in Qatar) that the greatest thing they can do with their lives is turn themselves into a human firework for the sake of a border.

The Idiocy of the "Moral High Ground"

The most annoying part of this global shitshow is the audience. Because we live in the era of the "Digital Lobotomy," everyone else in the world feels the need to pick a side. You have college kids in New York who couldn't find Jerusalem on a map wearing keffiyehs and screaming about "decolonization" as if they aren't sitting on stolen Iroquois land. You have MAGA boomers who think every bomb dropped is a "blessing from God" because they think it'll trigger a prophecy that sends them to a cloud-city in the sky.

Both sides of the conflict have mastered the art of "Professional Victimhood." The Palestinians have turned their suffering into a brand, using the bodies of their own children as props for Instagram likes while their "government" spends its budget on tunnels instead of toilets. The Israelis have turned "We're chosen" into a religion, convinced that their suffering stems from defenseless children, resulting in the bombings of children.

It is a feedback loop of trauma and stupidity. One side launches a rocket that has the guidance system of a lawnmower; the other side responds by leveling a city block. Both sides go on TV and cry about how they are the victims. Rinse and repeat for seventy-five years. If a lab rat kept running into an electric fence for seventy-five years, we'd call it retarded. When humans do it, we call it "Foreign Policy."

The Religious Delusion

Let's call out the elephant in the room: Religion. This entire conflict is fueled by the belief that the Creator of the Universe; the Being who designed black holes and the double-helix of DNA; actually gives a damn about which group of people prays toward which wall.

It is the height of human arrogance to think that God is a nationalist. But the Jews and the Palestinians have built their entire identities around this delusion. One side thinks they are "Chosen," and the other thinks they are "The Faithful." In reality, they are both just clumps of cells killing other clumps of cells because they can't handle the fact that they are exactly the same. They look the same, they eat the same food, they have the same DNA, and they hate the same people. But because one says "Shalom" and the other says "Salam," they have to blow each other up.

The Pointless Cycle

We are watching the "Birth of Politics" de-evolve into its final form: Total Annihilation. There is no "solution" to the Israel-Palestine conflict because the people involved don't want a solution; they want a victory. And in the "Age of Retards," victory means your neighbor is dead and you're standing on a pile of ashes, holding a flag that nobody else recognizes.

As a thirteen-year-old, I'm told I'm the "future." But if the future is just a continuation of this desert-dwelling madness; if the best we can do is argue about who owns a hill while the planet burns; then the future is a scam. We are a species that has mastered the atom but hasn't mastered the sandbox. We are brilliant enough to create a "Iron Dome" to catch missiles, but too stupid to stop firing them in the first place. Welcome to the global meat-grinder. Grab a flag, pick a side, and shut off your brain. It's the only way to survive the view.

CHAPTER SEVEN: THE PONZI PLANET

(Printing Paper to Buy Plastic)

If you want to see the "Age of Retards" in its most clinical form, look at the economy. Money used to be a tool for trade. It represented something real, like a cow, a bushel of wheat, or a bar of gold. It was a physical receipt for human effort. But somewhere along the line, the people in charge realized that the "clumps of cells" they were governing didn't actually understand math. They realized they could replace reality with a giant, global game of pretend.

I am thirteen years old and even I can see that the global economy is just a pyramid scheme with a better PR department. We are a species that has collectively decided that numbers on a screen are more important than the ground beneath our feet.

The Great Printing Press Delusion

The leaders of the world, whether they are the MAGA geniuses or the "progressive" intellectuals, all share one common trait: they think they are alchemists. When the system starts to break because people are too busy arguing about pronouns or flags to actually work, the government doesn't fix the problem. They just turn on the printers.

They print billions and trillions of dollars. They pull this currency out of a void and tell us it has value. But you cannot print more time, you cannot print more energy, and you cannot print more resources. All you are doing is diluting the effort of every person who actually worked for their money. It is the ultimate "Retard Move." It is like trying to make a pizza bigger by cutting it into sixteen slices instead of eight. You still have the same amount of food, but now you're just confused and holding more pieces of crust.

We are living through "Inflation," which is just a fancy academic word for "The government stole your lunch while you were sleeping." And yet, half the population thinks the solution is to print more money to give away as "stimulus." We are trying to put out a fire by throwing more gasoline on it and then acting surprised when our eyebrows get burned off.

The Economy of Nothing

Look at what we actually value in 2026. We don't value the farmer, the engineer, or the person who builds the house. We value the "Influencer." We value the "Day Trader." We value the person who can move digital coins from one folder to another without ever producing a single tangible item.

We have created an economy of "Nothing." We buy clothes made by slaves in other countries using money we don't have to impress people we don't like on apps that are stealing our data. We are "consumers" in the most literal sense. We are like a virus that consumes its host until there is nothing left. We don't build cathedrals or monuments anymore. We build "Content." We spend our lives chasing "Growth," but we never ask what we are actually growing. It turns out we are just growing the debt that my generation is expected to pay back.

The Debt Trap

This is the part that really pisses me off as a teenager. The "Adults" in the room have run up a credit card bill that is so large it can never be paid. They have spent the last fifty years throwing a party they couldn't afford and they are planning to leave before the bill hits the table.

They tell us to go to college and take out a hundred thousand dollars in loans to get a degree in "Social Dynamics" so we can get a job at a coffee shop. They have turned the future into a debt-trap. They want us to be "clumps of cells" that are too busy paying off interest to ever have a revolutionary thought. They have turned life into a subscription service. You don't own your house, you rent it from the bank. You don't own your car, you lease it. You don't even own your music or your movies; you pay a monthly fee for the privilege of accessing them until the company decides to delete them.

The Crypto Circus

And then you have the "Rebels." The people who saw the system was failing and decided the solution was "Crypto." They decided the best way to fight fake government money was to create even fakier digital tokens named after dogs or memes.

It is a circus of stupidity. You have millions of people staring at "NFTs" of bored apes, thinking they are the new Rockefellers. It is the "Age of Retards" distilled into a single digital image. It is the final proof that we have lost all connection to what is actually real. We are trading imaginary coins for imaginary art in an imaginary digital "Metaverse" while the real world falls apart around us.

The economy isn't a science. It is a mass hallucination. We are all participating in a collective lie because the truth is too terrifying to face. The truth is that we are a species that has forgotten how to provide for itself. We are a species that thinks "Wealth" is a high score in a video game that has no ending. When the bubble finally pops, and it will, all the red hats and the rainbow flags and the digital tokens won't matter. You can't eat a "Like." You can't build a shelter out of a "Tweet." You can't survive on "Identity." You need reality. But reality is the one thing the modern world has decided it doesn't need anymore.

CHAPTER TEN: THE IDIOTIC HORIZON

(A Farewell to the Thinking Ape)

This is the final nail in the coffin. This is the part where you stop pointing fingers at specific groups and look the entire species in the eye to tell them exactly what they've become. No more masks, no more subtexts, just the final verdict.

So here we are at the end of the line. I am thirteen years old and I have spent the last nine chapters performing an autopsy on a patient that is still walking around pretending to be alive. We have looked at the politics that divided us, the ideologies that blinded us, the schools that broke us, and the money that tricked us. But if you think the problem is just "them" or "those people," you have missed the point of the entire book.

The problem is the mirror.

The "Age of Retards" is not a political era or a cultural phase. It is a biological dead end. We are the first species in history to have the keys to the kingdom and decide that we would rather live in the dumpster. We are the first creatures to possess the technology to be gods and the temperament to be toddlers. We have officially reached the state of "Idiocracy," but without the colorful sets or the funny punchlines. Our version is much darker and much more boring.

The Great Surrender

We used to be explorers. We used to be builders. We used to be a species that looked at a problem and asked "How do I fix this?" Now, we look at a problem and ask "How do I make this about me?" We have traded our curiosity for comfort and our courage for "Content." We have surrendered our minds to the machine. We have reached a point where we cannot even have a conversation without checking a screen to see what our "tribe" thinks about the topic. We are no longer individuals; we are just data points in a giant, global marketing experiment. We are the product being sold, and the price is our sanity. We are a clump of cells that has forgotten it has a brain.

The Meritocracy of the Mouth-Breathers

In any other era, the people we currently celebrate would be the village idiots. In the past, if you stood in the middle of a town square and screamed nonsense about the earth being flat or your identity being a lizard, people would walk away or find you a doctor. Now? We give you a platform with ten million followers and a brand deal. We have inverted the hierarchy of human value. We have made "Stupid" the new "Authentic." We have made "Loud" the new "Right." We have created a world where the most ignorant person in the room is the one who gets to set the agenda because they are the most likely to cause a scene. We are being governed by the lowest common denominator. Our leaders are just puppets for the most offended people on the internet.

The Final Diagnosis

What is humanity in 2026? It is a species that can land a rover on Mars but can't decide who is allowed to use a bathroom. It is a species that has eliminated smallpox but thinks vaccines are a conspiracy by the lizard people. It is a species that has every piece of information ever recorded at its fingertips and uses it to look at pictures of food and argue with strangers about flags.

We are a species that has outgrown its own intelligence. We built a world that is too complex for our primitive, tribal brains to handle. We are like monkeys in a cockpit; we are pushing buttons and pulling levers because they look shiny, and we are absolutely shocked when the plane starts to nose-dive.

The View from Thirteen

People ask me what I want to be when I grow up. It's a hilarious question. "Grow up" into what? A world where I have to pick between two cults? A world where I have to apologize for things I didn't do to people who aren't actually offended? A world where I'll never own a home because the "Adults" spent all the money on a seventy-year-old grudge in the desert?

I don't want to be anything in your world. I want to be an observer of the crash. History will not remember us as the ones who were "Woke" or the ones who "Made America Great." History will remember us as the ones who had everything and threw it away because we were bored. We are the generation that chose a digital dopamine hit over a physical future. We are the ones who watched the fire start and decided to live-stream it instead of grabbing a bucket of water.

The Closing Credits

So, congratulations. You did it. You successfully devolved. You turned a miracle of evolution into a screaming, crying, consuming pile of redundant meat. You took the most beautiful planet in the galaxy and turned it into a billboard for your own ego. Welcome to the "Age of Retards." The doors are locked, the pilot is passed out, and the passengers are arguing about the seating chart. There is no "Solution." There is no "Hope." There is only the realization that we got exactly what we deserved.

I'm going back to my room now. I have homework to ignore and a world to forget. Good luck with the extinction. I hear it's going to be very "inclusive" and "highly rated."

THE END. (Go do something with your life)